

VISIT...

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IN MY BED

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND SALAAM REMI

♩ = 88

N.C.



Wish I could say it breaks my heart like you did in the beg-in - ning.
I nev-er thought my mem - o-ry of what we had could be in-trud - ed.



It's not that we grew a - part. Anight - in - gale no long - er sing - ing.
But I could-n't let it be. I need - ed it as much as you did.



It's some-thing I know you can't do, ———
Now it's not hard to un-der-stand ———

sep-a-rate sex with e-mo-tion.
why we just speak at night.



I sleep a-lone, the sun comes up, ———
The on-ly time I hold your hand ———

you're still cling-ing to that no-tion.
is to get the an-gle right. ———



Ev-'ry-thing is slow-ing down, ———

riv-er of no re-turn. ———



Re-cog-nize my ev-'ry sound. ———

There's no-thing new to learn.



You'll nev - er get my mind right, like two ships pass - ing in the night, in the night,



in the night. Want the same thing when we lay, o - ther - wise mine's a diff - 'rent way, 's a



diff - 'rent way from where I'm go - ing. Oh, it's you a - gain.



Lis - ten, this is - n't a re - u - ni - on, so sor - ry if I turn my head.



Yours is a fam-i-liar face, but that don't make your place safe in my bed, my bed, my bed.



Play four times



N.C.